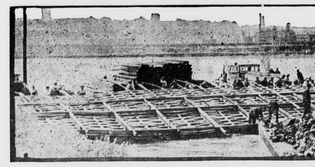
Safeguarding Kansas City From Flood Waters



Waters Cause Much Damage to Property

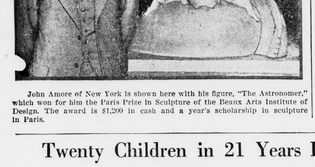
Workmen were rushed to the dike that protects the Kansas City airport and other parts of the city when the Missouri and Kaw rivers went on a rampage. The scene above shows the men laying riprap in an effort to prevent a break in the levee, which protects north Kansas City.

Not so fortunate were other sections along the rivers. Any kind of craft that would float was pressed into service by residents in the inundated area. Hundreds were driven from their homes and property damage ran into millions of dollars. At the left is a picture taken near Turner, Kan., of a raft bearing the belongings of some hoase holder along the Kaw river.

New and Old Depict Advance in Transportation

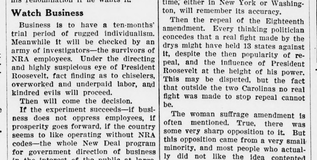
Railroad week was marked in Chicago by the presence, side by side, of four of the crack new fast trains and a veteran of the rails. In the photograph, left to right, are the Burlington's old 35, the Milwaukee road's Hiawatha, the North Western's 400, the Burlington's Zephyr, and the Alton's Abraham Lincoln. These new monarchs of the rails bear but little resemblance to the old "tea kettle" with its bell stack. Radical new improvements are enabling the railroads to make drastic reductions in running schedules, and at no reduction in safety. Air conditioning, comfortable new passenger coaches, and other modern features have been introduced to add to the comfort of the traveling public.

Wins Coveted Award in Sculpture



John Amore of New York is shown here with his figure, "The Astronomer," which won for him the Paris Prize in Sculpture of the Beaux Arts Institute of Design. The award is $1,200 in cash and a year's scholarship in sculpture in Paris.

Appointed Marine Corps Air Chief



Lieut. Col. Ross E. Rowell is the newly appointed chief of all the aviation units of the marine corps. He led the marine aviators on the last campaign in Nicaragua and has headed the stunt pilots of the corps in recent national air races.

Palestine Named for Philistines

Palestine gets its name from the Philistines.

Twenty Children in 21 Years Is Her Record

If the stork hadn't skipped her in 1916, Mrs. Pauline Cole of White Marsh, Md., would have had a child for every one of the 21 years she has been married. She has 20 children and they came one at a time, and she is not yet thirty eight years old. Here, at the right of the line, is Mrs. Cole with some of her progeny.

SEEN and HEARD around the National Capital

By CARTER FIELDS

Washington. — Growing conviction here that Herbert Hoover is really an active candidate for the Republican nomination against President Roosevelt next year is the biggest comfort the New Dealers get out of the Supreme court decision. It is the silver lining to the constitutional cloud that put the New Deal in the shadow.

That the Republicans would actually nominate Hoover is too much, friends of President Roosevelt say privately, to hope for. But the mere candidacy of Mr. Hoover at the convention would produce a feeling of bitterness comparable to that which distressed the Democrats after Madison Square gurgles. It would lack the religious element, and even the prohibition element, but it would be pretty bad, they think, and with fair logic.

All this is based, of course, on two factors, either of which may change. One is that at present it appears likely the issue of the next campaign will be ringed industrialism versus government control of wages, hours and trade practices, and planned economy to prevent overproduction, etc. Or, as the New Dealers prefer to state it, the New Deal versus the old law of tooth and claw.

The ideal candidate of the Republicans on such an issue would have been Calvin Coolidge. But Coolidge is dead. Mr. Hoover's views as to government, business, and every point involved fit him ideally, almost, for the leadership of the opposition to Roosevelt. Also, as the last Republican President, he is the titular leader of his party.

But when that has been said for Hoover, everything has been said, in the opinion of the New Dealers. His weakness, as they see it, is that he is branded in the eyes of the country not only as a failure, but as unlucky. And the last is almost worse than the first.

It pleases the Roosevelt supporters to recall that it was during Hoover's administration that the public lost so much money and that so many lost their jobs. They point to the succession of events that led deeper into the depression and call them a succession of Hoover mistakes.

Material Scarce

Students of mass psychology insist that once the public mind is frozen about a man it is next to impossible to thaw that conviction out. It just sticks there. For example, William Jennings Bryan. The truth is he had a fairly good chance of being elected President the first time he ran. Only the most adroitly managed campaign in history, plus an enormous campaign fund, plus intelligent and ruthless co-operation with Republican employers of labor, defeated him.

Yet for some curious reason Bryan was stamped as a failure in the sight of the country. His campaigns after that time were just jokes. As one of the Tammany orators said at Baltimore, in 1912, "For God's sake, Mr. Bryan, get out of the way and give the Democrats a chance."

The other factor that seems to point to Mr. Hoover is the scarcity of other available Republicans. One thinks quickly of Representative—former Senator—Wadsworth, of New York. But the forces opposed to him for one reason or another are still very strong in New York state. Notably the old woman suffrage crowd, and the more rabid of the prohibitionists. So that many experts doubt if he could carry his own state—a situation which has nothing to do whatever with present issues.

A canvass of all the talked about Republicans shows none with any real strength, all of which cobtributes to the theory that Hoover can bring about his renomination if he wants it.

Watch Business

Business is to have a ten-months' trial period of rugged individualism. Meanwhile it will be checked by an army of investigators—the survivors of NRA employees. Under the directing and highly suspicious eye of President Roosevelt, fact finding as to chiselers, overworked and underpaid labor, and kindred evils will proceed.

Then will come the decision.

If the experiment succeeds—if business does not oppress employees, if prosperity goes forward at the country seems to like operating without NRA codes—the whole New Deal program for government direction of business in the interest of the public at large, planned economy and all the rest of it will go out the window.

If the experiment fails—and Mr. Roosevelt believes it will fail—there will be, right on the eve of the Presidential election, a New Deal program to supplant the law of the tooth and claw.

The probability is that it will take the form of a proposed constitutional amendment, one which would give the federal government control over hours and wages, also trade practices—on the theory that what happened in Bangor affects the children's school lunches in San Diego.

Menace of Strikes

Meanwhile, with the Wagner labor disputes bill pushed through congress —not until after the Supreme court decision did the President announce his approval of this measure—industry will find itself, as it sees the situation, with the most provocative status for strikes for many a year.

Warning that "no false hopes" should be entertained by the country as to working conditions is a significant guide to the President's attitude. He wants the investigations of the corps of NRA employees reinforced by an army of self-appointed scrutinizers. He is preparing the public mind for a change in the Constitution to give the federal government the powers necessary to make effective his New Deal policies; higher wages, shorter hours, no big profits, all aimed not only at better living standards for the lower strata but at increased buying power; and planned economy under government control aimed at preventing overproduction.

Roosevelt's understatement of the probable effects of requiring former code conditions on the part of all having government contracts had two objectives—one to provide a constant contrast between what the codes would do if they were in legal effect, the other to prevent these same "false hopes."

Experts believe 1 per cent—the figure used by the President as the dollar volume of government contracts to total production—far understates the actual effect on employees. Amendments are being drafted to the bill to provide that even on a government contract who buys any of the materials used from a concern not complying with former code standards.

Incidentally the government will be in a stronger position in enforcing these "code" requirements from government contractors than was NRA even at the height of its power. For this time there will be law behind them, so that the comptroller general will not be able—lawyers agree—to overrule contracts on the ground that the specifications were not broad enough, or that the contract was not awarded to the lowest bidder. As in the automobile cases.

Dill Comments

That President Roosevelt missed the boat as far as accomplishing his New Deal reforms, when he did not press for a constitutional amendment in the spring of 1933, is the interesting comment on the present case of Jitters in Washington by Ex-Senator Dill, of Washington.

Regarded as an advanced if not extreme radical, Dill, who was one of the outstanding "For Roosevelt Before Chicago" leaders, voted against NIRA when it passed the senate. Later he began to have misgivings as to whether he had made a mistake, because he saw a number of advantages which grew out of it. But, he contends, it should have been allowed to die some time back, having served its purpose.

Now, the former senator declares, if a constitutional amendment were to be submitted granting the federal government the power to regulate minimum wages, maximum hours, and fair trade practices sought under the code system, he would take the stump against ratification of such an amendment.

All of which is significant in connection with a former dispatch in which opposition to such a constitutional change in Massachusetts, Maine, Vermont, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Virginia and Georgia was outlined.

The truth is it is very difficult to pass any constitutional amendment over which there is a real, nationwide battle. Most people do not consider this coldly, because several constitutional amendments have been passed in the last few years without too much trouble.

Amendment Fights

But let's take a look at those fights. For instance, the first battle to put over the Eighteenth amendment. That should have been a real war. But it wasn't. The fact is that the wets just regarded the whole thing as a joke until enough states had ratified to make any remaining fight futile. Even then the stupid wets did not fight. They began assuming that the Supreme court would knock it out! Which sounds crazy now, but anyone in contact with the developments at that time, either in New York or Washington, will remember its accuracy.

Then the repeal of the Eighteenth amendment. Every thinking politician concedes that a real fight made by the drys might have held 13 states against it, despite the then popularity of repeal, and the influence of President Roosevelt at the height of his power. This may be disputed, but the fact that outside the two Carolinas no real fight was made to stop repeal cannot be.

The woman suffrage amendment is often mentioned. True, there was some very sharp opposition to it. But this opposition came from a very small minority, and most people who actually did not like the idea contented themselves with private conversation. There was very little violent opposition, even from the minority opposed. Whereas the militant minority in favor was agressive and persistent.

On the other hand, the idea that would be raised by an attempt to change the Constitution so as to give the federal government the powers President Roosevelt would like—the powers that the nine Jurists on the Supreme court held it lacked at present—would provoke a bitter battle in every state in the Union. No state would ratify virtually by default, as Maryland did the Eighteenth amendment, though actually it was so strongly opposed to prohibition that it would never pass a state enforcement law!

Roosevelt counts very heavily on the nation-wide organization, with units in every country, which Jim Farley has built. But the tremendous response to Senator Borah's radio talk a few nights ago shows that no fight to enlarge federal powers at this time would be a push-over!

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Housewife's Idea Ba

To Prevent Fat Spattering

Some fish and meats should be wholly covered while frying. Instead of covering your pan with a saucepan cover, invent a colander over the pan. This will prevent the grease from spattering and at the same time allow the steam to escape.

THE HOUSEWIFE

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Healthy Feet

Foot health means feet that are free from disease, free from pain, free from corns, and feet that fit the measures of life in the way that is a kind Providence, after hundreds of thousands of years of experimentation, has discovered is the best way for the erect human being to stand and walk.—The Parents' Magazine.

Odd Beauty Standard

Despite the 20-year prohibition women still bind their feet in small part of China. In Hwaling, for instance, bound women and girls are far more numerous than those with normal feet. The bride's beauty on her wedding day is not her face or her figure, but the beauty of her feet.

Keep a Good Laxative always in your home

Among the necessities of home is a good, reliable laxative. Don't be without one! Do your best to prevent constipation. Don't neglect it when you feel any of its dangerous symptoms coming on. For we have used Sargent's Laxative Cold Tablets for years and a very useful medicine that every home ought to have in their home," writes Mrs. Perry Hicks, of Bellow, Texas. "I take Black Draught for biliousness, constipation and sick headache. I find Black Draught herbs is special. I have always found Black Draught gives good results."

BLACK-DRAUGHT

Watch Your Kidneys!

Be Sure They Properly Cleanse the Blood

YOUR kidneys are constantly filtering waste matter from the blood stream. But kidneys sometimes lag in their work—do not act as nature intended—fail to remove impurities that poison the system when retained.

Then you may suffer nagging backache, dizziness, scanty or too frequent urination, getting up at night, swollen limbs, feel nervous, miserable—all upset.

Don't delay! Use Doan's Pills. Doan's are especially for poorly functioning kidneys. They are recommended by grateful users the country over. Get them from any druggist.

DOANS PILLS

ANTS DIE

Sprinkle Ant Food along window sills, doors and openings through which ants come and go. Guaranteed to rid quickly. Used in a million homes. Inexpensive. At your druggist's.

PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD

Cuticura Talcum Powder Comforts + Refreshes

Pure, medicated and mildly antiseptic, it cools and soothes the skin, protecting against chafing and irritation. It absorbs perspiration and imparts a delicate fragrance. Ideal for every member of the family.

A Sure Index of Value

. . . is knowledge of a manufacturer's name and what it stands for. It is the most certain method, except that of actual use, for judging the value of any manufactured goods. Here is the only guarantee against careless workmanship or use of shoddy materials.

Buy ADVERTISED GOODS

Golden Dawn

By Peter B. Kyne

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CHAPTER XI—Continued

—24—

"You are so kind, Doctor Burt," she said.

He resumed his passive stroking of her forehead and cheeks; in a low, monotonous tone he commanded her to answer all his questions. Then suddenly:

"Have you thought of your daughter, Penelope, of late?"

Grimace of distress flitted across the beautiful face. "No distress or bad luck will attend the thinking while you are with me, understand? I command you to think about her—to remember and to answer truthfully all my questions regarding her."

"Yes, Doctor."

"Why did you and Mr. Gatlin adopt her?"

"He wanted a baby and I couldn't give him one."

"Could you, if you had cared to?"

"Yes, Doctor." Her tone was very peevish.

"How old was she when you adopted her?"

"About a month."

"Where did you find her?"

"In the Infants' Shelter in San Francisco."

"Did you know who her parents were before you had decided to adopt her?"

"Yes, Doctor. A Captain and Mrs. Robert E. Elliott."

"Why did the Elliots abandon their baby?"

"The captain was killed by the Moros and his wife died in this city in childbirth."

"Do you remember what branch of the service the captain was in?"

"He was a captain of cavalry."

"When you and Mr. Gatlin adopted Penelope, did you have any written record of her parentage?"

"We had a letter from the matron at the Infants' Shelter. And we had a letter from the doctor who attended Mrs. Elliot at St. Dunstan's hospital, and some letters from old neighbors of the Elliots."

"Why did you get the letters from the old neighbors?"

"Theodore was concerned about the baby's ancestry."

"And was it the best?"

"I do not know. It satisfied Mr. Gatlin."

"What has become of all the records pertaining to Penelope?"

"I burned them."

"Why?"

"To keep Penelope from getting them."

"Then she wanted them, did she not?"

"Yes, Doctor. She demanded them."

"When was this?"

"On her eighteenth birthday."

"How did it happen that she waited until her eighteenth birthday before demanding them?"

"Up until then she thought she was our own flesh and blood."

"Ah! Why did you burn these records rather than give them to Penelope?"

"I hate her."

"When you refused to give them to her, what happened?"

"She cried and laughed and screamed and attacked me. She said she hated me. Finally she fainted, and I had the maid put her to bed and lock her in her room."

"Did you give Penelope any information at all, at any time, regarding her parentage?"

There was a slight hesitation. "I lied to her. I wanted to hurt her because she wouldn't recognize my moral right to half of Theodore's estate. So I told her she had negro blood in her veins."

"What made you invent such a horrible tale?"

"Penelope is a decided brunette. I thought even if she did not believe me, my statement would create in her mind a doubt and a fear that would drive her crazy."

"What happened after that, Mrs. Merton?"

"In the morning she was gone."

"How did she go?"

"She made a rope of sheets and blankets."

"Have you seen her since?"

"No."

"Is she dead?"

"I do not know. I hope so."

Stephen turned to Dan. "Any questions?"

McNamara shook his head owlishly. "I can recite most of the record—perhaps all of it. The captain's record is in the army files; when he married, a notice of it appeared in the Army and Navy Journal; with that and what I can get out of the officers who soldiered with the captain, I'll get a pretty complete picture."

Stephen resumed his cross examination.

"Did you ever beat Penelope? Did you ever pinch her and slap her and lock her up?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Wake the fiend up and send her home," McNamara roared.

"I will—as soon as I look up her memory of Penelope," Stephen replied. He impressed upon her the fact that she was not ill at all. He commanded her very earnestly to forget that she had ever heard of him.

Then he awakened her, as McNamara departed, gave her a long look, felt her pulse, told her she was much improved and handed her some sodamint tablets. She departed in a somewhat happier mood.

"Well," McNamara demanded, when he and Stephen found themselves alone again, "what do you think of that one for a hell-cat?"

"I do not think, Dan. We merely accept such people as we accept sunlight and rainfall."

"Do you think you'll see any more of this woman, Stephen?"

"I hope not. I hope the hypnotic suggestion I gave her is strong enough to overcome her acquired instinct for illness."

"Were the things she told you illuminating?"

"Very. I suspected most of them and she confirmed my suspicion. We know now that Penelope is of sound ancestry. Her father was not a neurotic. He hadn't been a normal, gallant fellow and physically fit he would never have become a captain of cavalry. He was killed in action. But we have arrived at a starting point, Dan—the reason for the mental shock that gave Penelope a dissociated personality."

"I didn't get that—at least not quite, Stephen."

"For some reason best known to themselves, the Gatlins kept from Penelope the fact that she was not of their own flesh and blood. However, while we have definitely established the date of the mental shock and the character of the shock, we have also established the causative factors leading up to the shock. Penelope had a most unhappy childhood. From earliest childhood she was the victim of bitter, rebellious thoughts. Then that baseball wrecked her nose. This was a mental and physical shock. The separation and divorce of the Gatlins was another terrible shock, because she lost Gatlin and there was nobody to protect her. And Gatlin's death was a severe shock. Then, as she emerged from childhood into maidenhood, the knowledge that her nose made her hideous naturally became an obsession with her.

"Now, Dan, by this time there was no further necessity for concealing the facts of the child's birth. Gatlin, dead, had left his entire estate in trust to Penelope, and on her eighteenth birthday she was free to do as she pleased. She could leave her hell-cat of an adopted mother now. She carried her own check book. The knowledge that she was not flesh and blood of the beloved Gatlin came as a terrible shock and with it, of course, came other terrifying speculations.

"More piling on of the inferiority complex," McNamara interrupted. "And she cracked under it. Then she made up her mind to forget Mrs. Gatlin—and she did."

A clear case of auto-hypnosis Dan. Now you've got to run down the record of our Penelope and that of her parents. She must have it and it must be proof of the most convincing character, because such proof is necessary if we are to restore to her her mental tranquility."

"Well" said Dan. "I'll be back presently with the girl's record, and then—"

"Out of the darkness into the sunlight, Mac."

"Well, the next one I find in the darkness will stay there," the chief growled.

The absence of the capable Lanny was a constant reminder to Dr. Stephen Burt of his sole experiment to date in a case of dual personality. He yearned with an alert scientific yearning to get to work on Penelope Gatlin, and when Dan McNamara appeared at the office one day he saw by the satisfied smirk on the McNamara countenance that all had gone well.

"Let me see the documents," Stephen demanded.

McNamara handed over the pile of papers.

"Well, you've done your full duty and have kept the police of various cities busy for a few days," said Stephen. "What do you hear from Lanny?"

"She'll be home next week. The skin graft on the girl's nose was a complete success."

"And how does the girl feel about the situation now?"

"She's crazy about her new nose and spends hours examining it in a hand mirror."

Stephen smiled. "Naturally, she would."

"Lanny says the girl's been her real self more than half the time since that first look."

"She would be. And now I'm going to add to her happiness by sending her this record, which I shall supplement with a report of my own on her case. She'll study it, and in this convincing proof that she is not what Mrs. Merton says she was, she'll probably get well. These cases are simple, Dan. All you have to do is to discover the cause and remove it. Nature does the rest. She will have no more rebellious thoughts, because the despot can do her no further harm. Her black moods of depression will not come again; she is organically and mentally sound, the product of a sound ancestry on both sides of her family."

"But she knows she was an inmate of San Quentin. She'll remember she was a thief."

"She will, of course, feel great shame when fully restored to her normal personality. In her other personality, with her acquired instincts of morality and convention smothered in her subconscious mind, she had, of course, no sense of remorse or shame. I think that when I have explained this to her she will understand just what her mental condition was. And her fear that the world will discover her sorry record will, I feel certain, be alleviated by her knowledge that it would be impossible for anybody who knew her as saddle-nosed Nance Bolden to recognize her as good-looking Penelope Gatlin."

"All I've got to say, young fella m'lad," the admiring McNamara declared, "is that you're one h—l of a smart man!"

Some two weeks later, Lanny walked in on Stephen. "Well," he declared acidly, "you've certainly taken your time about getting back on the job. You're looking mighty particular, Lanny. Happy?"

"Sterie, dear, I never knew there was such complete happiness in the world."

"Where's Penelope?"

"She's gone back to Paris—on a new passport."

"Well, well, well," Stephen chided her, "tell me things."

"Sterie, she's as lovely as a May morning."

"And the operation?"

"A phenomenal success. Of course," Lanny added, "she could never stand a sock on the nose."

"Just what is she going to do in Paris?"

"Close out her apartment and dismiss her servants."

"And coming back to San Francisco?"

Lanny nodded. "How do you stand Miss Ordway as your office nurse, Stephen?"

"Rather well, I'm sorry to say. She's very competent and much more tactful than you."

"And do you want me back, darling?" she queried.

"There you go, fishing for a compliment. Of course I do, but—it isn't necessary. You could come in once a week."

"Not for a great many weeks, Stevie."

He glanced up at her sharply. "How come, Lanny?"

Lanny's face was the color of an old rose. "I'm going to have a baby," she whispered.

And then Stephen Burt stood up and took dear old Lanny in his strong young arms and hugged her. At last she was going to have her little slice of life!

"Of course," Lanny said presently, "you'll be the baby's god-father?"

He nodded. "Of course."

Three months passed—so Stephen Burt remarkable by reason of the fact that Mrs. Rudolph Merton did not call upon him. At last, to satisfy his curiosity, he telephoned Rudolph Merton to ask him how his wife was.

"I don't know," Merton replied competently. "She's gone."

"Dead?"

"No such luck. She's gone to Southern California to join a new religious sect. A colony on the fringe of the San Bernardino desert with a prophet in command."

"And what are you doing about it, Mr. Merton?" Stephen asked.

"I'm subsidizing the prophet so he'll stay in business ten months longer, Mrs. Merton has deserted me, thank

"Spends Hours Examining It in a Hand Mirror."

God, but she has to be away a year before I can secure a divorce on the grounds of desertion. The prophet comes high, but I can afford to pay for my fancies."

"I gather from your manner that you're not broken hearted."

"Such sorrow as I feel now would be delirious delight compared with what I'd feel if she decided to come back to me."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Merton. Good-by and good luck to you. You deserve it."

TO BE CONTINUED.

John Bunyan's Flute

While John Bunyan, who wrote Pilgrims Progress, was in prison his jailers heard music coming from his cell. They decided to take away his instrument, but the music ceased as they drew near the cell, and they could find nothing to show how the music was made. From time to time the music sounded, but only Bunyan and his jailers were found. What had happened was that Bunyan had made a flute from a loose rail of his stool, and on hearing the jailer's step he would slip it back into its place and pore over his book.

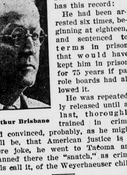
BRISBANE THIS WEEK

Paroles and Ransom
Vincent Astor's Hotel
Mussolini Is So Blunt
The Brain Bath

Waley, the Weyerhaeuser kidnaper, caught after he sent his wife, like a true gangster coward, to change ransom bills for him, has this record:

He had been arrested six times, beginning at eighteen, and sentenced to terms in prison that would have kept him in prison for 75 years if parole boards had allowed it.

He was repeatedly released until at last, thoroughly trained in crime and convinced, probably, as he might well be, that American Justice is a mere joke, he went to Tacoma and planned there the "snatch," as criminals call it, of the Weyerhaeuser child.



Arthur Brisbane

Highway patrolmen in the western states did admirable work co-operating with the "G-men." The western highway patrolmen are real policemen.

Mr. Vincent Astor of New York has bought in and will operate the St. Regis hotel on Fifth avenue, built originally with Astor money, now repurchased for $5,000,000.

An Astor running a hotel is nothing new. You need not be very, very old to remember the gray granite "Astor House," a block long, opposite the City Hall on lower Broadway, where they had roast beef such as you find nowhere now.

Before prosperous Americans learned to be really "aristocratic" with yachts, race horses and divorces, they thought owning a hotel and putting your name on it was almost aristocratic. The Astor House and the Brevoort House in New York, the Palmer House in Chicago, the Coates House in Kansas City, a thousand others prove it.

Mussolini annoys England; he talks so plainly—no diplomatic beating about the bush. Bluntly he says to old Britannia: "When you were building up your empire, killing off the Boers to grab South Africa, taking India from the pot-bellied rajahs, gathering in everything that was not tied down, you did not care tuppence what the world thought about you. Now it is my turn to gather in territory, maybe Ethiopia, and I care less than half of tuppence what you think about it. So mind your own business, please."

Important to the human race is news of the "brain bath," which, according to physicians gathered at a convention of the American and Canadian medical associations, literally "washes the brain." Freeing it from the poison of diseases such as infantile paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, convincing sickness and some kinds of spinal meningitis.

A solution of salt and water is injected into the vein at the ankle. After it has gone through the circulation and washed out the brain, it is withdrawn with its collected poisons through a needle inserted in the lower end of the spine.

Newsdom, written for newspaper men, says it has questioned all editors and publishers that amount to anything, and finds them "overwhelmingly certain that radical movements are of no serious trend."

The discovery will comfort many, but it is well to be cautious. There is always a possibility of underestimating what looks like "radicalism of no importance."

China, because she cannot do otherwise, yields in full to Japan's demands. That is the news from Tientsin, and it happens because the 400,000,000 Chinese are not prepared for war, whereas the 60,000,000 Japanese are prepared.

"Yielding" probably will not save China from another heavy loss of territory. It is predicted that the young Chinese emperor, Japan's figurehead in Manchukuo, will be moved over and back to the old imperial palace, there to sit again as the Japanese imperial dummy.

All this is not our business, for it is happening in Asia. We have plenty to do here.

"What's in a name?" Some young Republicans want the old Republican party to change its name from "Republican party" to "Constitutional party." Long ago, when the New York Herald, since dead, reduced its price, the late Joseph Pulitzer wrote in a short editorial: "The trouble is not with your price, it is with your newspaper. Change that."

It Saves Money, Too

"Isn't it nice for you to have a husband who spends all his evenings at home?"

"Yes; I enjoy myself so much better while I'm out if I know he's there with the children."—Tit-Bits Magazine.

Present Status Desired

Englishman—Waitah, what's this soup you just served?

Waiter—It's bean soup, sir.

Englishman—I don't care what it's been. Wha's it in now?

CROCHET COLLAR OF MEDALLIONS

By GRANDMOTHER CLARK

No matter what state you live in, you will find the women interested in crocheted collars. They are becoming more popular every day, and we know our readers will be interested in the ideas we have to offer. The round collar shown above is made of twelve assembled medallions. No. 20 thread and size 8 hook.

Package No. 719 contains sufficient white "Mountain Craft" crochet cotton to complete this collar, also instructions how to make it.

Send us 25c and we will mail this package to you. Instructions only will be mailed for 10c.

ADDRESS—HOME CRAFT CO., DEPT. B., Nineteenth & St. Louis Ave, St. Louis, Mo.

Inclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply when writing for any information.

Week's Supply of Postum Free

Read the offer made by the Postum Company in another part of this paper. They will send a full week's supply of health giving Postum free to anyone who writes for it.—Adv.

Sausages and Bombs

That a machine in a confectioner's shop at Cork, Irish Free State, made sausages by day and bombs at night was revealed recently. The innocent-appearing appliance produced bombs for the Irish Republican army during the Anglo-Irish trouble, but eventually was discovered by the police.

FOUR TIME BELTS

The eastern time belt extends from the Atlantic ocean to a line drawn, roughly, through Toledo, Ohio; Norton, Va.; Johnson City, Tenn.; Asheville, N. C.; Atlanta and Macon, Ga., and Apalachicola, Fla. The central time zone extends from this line to another drawn through Mandan, N. D.; Pierre, S. D.; McCook, Neb.; Dodge City, Kan., and along the westerly lines of Oklahoma and Texas. The boundary between mountain and Pacific time is the westerly line of Montana, then the Salmon river, then the westerly boundary of Idaho southward, and the southerly boundary of Idaho eastward, to a line through Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, and Parker and Yuma, Ariz.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust —

MURINE, FOR YOUR EYES

Rule of Life

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

FLY-TOX

Why do you spray? FOR RESULTS! Will a cheap quality spray do the job? IT WILL NOT! What's the answer? REFUSE SUBSTITUTES Demand FLY-TOX BEST BY 10,000 TESTS KILLS FLIES SPIDERS & MOSQUITOES

ECZEMA ITCHING

Quickly soothe burning torment and promote healing of irritated skin with—

Resinol

$2 PER DAY

SINGLE ROOM AND PRIVATE BATH

HOTEL TUDOR

NEW YORK CITY

A new hotel on 42nd Street 2 blocks east of Grand Central Station.

44 PREMIUMS

Clabber Girl's Record for perfect baking results at the Indiana State Fair, 1934.

CLABBER GIRL BAKING POWDER

TWEET, TWEET!

THE FLAVOR'S SWEET

BUY IT, TRY IT

IT'S A RIOT

HEY THERE YOU, YOU'LL LIKE IT TOO

GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

ONCE you taste Grape-Nuts Flakes, you'll cheer, too! Crisp, sweet, golden-brown flakes with plenty of real nourishment. One dishful, with milk or cream, contains more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal. Try it—your grocer has it! Product of General Foods.

Grape-Nuts Flakes